

**PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.**





and finally she kneels, her hands joining one knee and stifling the other. The chief begins to bellow his love for her. When the warlike followers are suddenly seized with this idea, they cry—hark, hear! The lady takes on a look born with a death upon her brow, which plainly indicates that she is not deaf, which even her many protests against the insinuation touching the sensibility of her auric nerves. Suddenly a spectral arm, whose body is hidden in the side scenes, swoops across the stage. Each finger, bristling with separate meaning, writes in violent contortions. *Mac Hamlet's Mother* clothed in bluffs from hell, nor Banquo shaking his gory locks, did so rack and fright the disposition of beholding men. It blows off the irasculous followers from the stage, as though it were a volley from a cannon's mouth. Even the ardent love-maker dropped his love, and flew before it. Not so the lady: she captured boldly the frightened swain, and brought him back to his vows and her feet.

The play, at last, is over: I rise as one in a dream—while the cold drops fall from my brow. I am sensible that I am about to be led behind the scenes; my limbs refuse to bear me—the arons swims around me. My companion gives me a supporting hand. I pause

through gorges, through private loirs. I leap out of a window, upon a three-legged chair. I climb over the stage, cutting my way through dismantled cottages, over prostrate mountains, under innumerable windfalls. By turns, I leap, I plunge, I crawl, I fly. I swim! Down stairs whose steps have a mad desire to personate inclined plains, and hopelessly acute angles; up stairs whose Alpine steps would fright the pregnant hinges of the knee, though planned on Brobdingnagian scale.

The smallness of the space is amended by the hugeness of the confusion. The turtle of impudent rests on the serpent of difficulty—that again on the elephant of impossibility. Up and down, down and up, I go—over and under, through and above, below and above, until I am at last thrust into a cell, where I fall, lifeless, into the arms of the star-lady.

The following criticism of the performance appeared, the next morning, in one of the daily papers:

Transcending the ordinary

evening. Miss — brought out a new suit of last year's fashion. She shared as usual with her sister the actor that she sustains with marked ability. Miss — is a young lady of decided talent. She has a glorious figure, and is, by all odds, the best-looking actress we have seen. Her part in *The Merchant of Venice* was a very spirited actress, and is full of the dramatic movements so necessary to the success of a first class actress. Miss — is never still. She is continually doing something to give employment to the eyes and admiration of the audience. She is a perfect whirlwind, but last evening, and we expect to see her create a perfect furore among our good-looking young men. This evening she appears as Parthian, in *Incognita* the Bard. We expect to see a new class of people crowded with yellow kids and lavender-flavored handkerchiefs.

\* \* \*

I think the happiest days are far from being the quickest to pass away, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary. When we suffer, the days wear themselves out with dragging against the sharp corners of our grief. In a long, weary voyage at the expense

ever gazing at a vague waste of waters, loses its estimate of distance, while the mind equally lets go all measurement of time. But the blue shore at last breaks upon the sight, starred with its thronging cities. To the yearning ear ripples a murmur of sweet words and voices. An earth-mother, too, smiles up a welcome from her deep heart, through her beamy eyes of hill and stream, and town, and forest—and lo! time and distance are again born in the mind, and all that uncounted, timeless water-path hangs dim and spectral in space. So, indeed, the heart takes no count of days or years, in the sullen, trackless ways of doubt and despair; but let some new hope and happiness appear, shining up before it—then it weighs and strives to hold back each moment for the sake of its own joy, and all that vast void of grief which it has tolled through blackens in the distance, with its eternity contracted to a breath-spasm, and its world-disc shriveled to a pin-point.

point of space. If it were not so, if pain worked the same intensity in its endurance, that pleasure does in its enjoyment, in the present grievous dispensation of life, half the existing hearts would crack and break up like glass vials under exhausted receivers.

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I have discovered another instance of plagiarism. *All the Year Round* publishes a story called "Lois the Witch," of which the plot and circumstances are wrenched boldly and unblushingly from Miss Chessbro's "Victoria."

I understand that the story, "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," attributed to that lady, is really from the pen of Miss Hale, of Boston:

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Consistency.

It is reported that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in order to illustrate his idea that the black should have

a fair chance at the North with the white, proposes to exchange pulpita, next Sunday, with a distinguished colored preacher in Broome street.

—

**Sensible Idea.**

There is some talk just now, at Harper's Ferry, of adopting the system of "commutation."

—

**New Ferry Excitement.**

The Upper Ten have forgotten all about Harper's Ferry in thinking of Ullman's Ferry, who is, just now what Whiskers calls the "wage and the few worry."

—

Elwin Booth is playing to crowded houses in Boston.

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**NEW PUBLICATIONS**

Received at the Office of The Register and Freeman

*For the Week ending November 6, 1899.*

The Old Stone Manseion. By Charles J. Peterson, author of "The Old Stone Church," "Remains in the Last War," "The Valley Farm," "Grace Building," etc. etc. 12mo. pp. 367. Philadelphia: T. B. Peters & Brothers. 1899.

The Mountain Dale. By the author of "The First Twenty Years of My Life." 18mo. pp. 144. American Sunday School Union (New York Depository) 1899.

Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. By Alphonso de Lamartine. 18mo. pp. 275. New York: Scribner & Co. 1890.

The American Homoeopathic Review. Edited by Hiram C. Vol. 2, No. 1, October, 1899. New York City: John T. S. Smith & Sons.

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries, concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. - Vol. III., No. II. New York: C. F. Richardson.

**The Art of Dancing.** Historically illustrated, to which are added a few *Histoire Etiquette*; also, the *Grande Morte*, and *Necessary Instruction for the Performers of the Ballet*, by *Apprentice*. Dances executed at the *Private Academies of the Author*. By *Edward Ferrero*. 12mo, pp. 284. New York: Ross & Towsley. 1859.

**Ordinances of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of New York.** Revised A. D. 1829, by *D. T. Valentine*. Adorned by *Apprentice*. Dances, and published by their authority. \$3. New York: Banks & Brothers. 1859.

**The Manual of the Wardrobe.** A complete treatise upon the branch of Domestic Economy; comprising the principles and practice of the art of dressing, and the different kinds of stitches made in sewing; with marks upon the various kinds and qualities of fabrics used in the Wardrobe, with complete directions for cutting and fitting all kinds of dresses for females.

Toilet, and Red Linens. By Mrs. Pullan, (Alquippa, Pa.)  
 lotte), author of "The Lady's Manual of Fashion,"  
 work," "The Court Partial," "Maternal Con-  
 sult," etc.; editor of the *London Review*, and the *Lon-*  
 don and Paris Gazette of Fashion, and director of the  
 Work-Table of the same, the leading magazine.  
 Illustrated with one hundred engravings of Fashions.  
 & Co. Pamphlet. pp. 78. New York: Wood-  
 & Co. 1850.

Fisher's River (North Carolina); Scenes and Charac-  
 ters. By "Shitt," "who was raised there."  
 Illustrated by John McLennan. 12mo. pp. 269. N. Y.  
 City: Harper & Brother. 1850.

a party in interest.

stand irresolute whether to follow their leader or not.

acters. By "Skitt," "who was raised thar." Illustrated by John McLenan. 12mo. pp. 269. New York : Harper & Brother. 1859.







## EXPERIENCE.

Oh Time! Oh Metaphor! Oh Power!  
How all things change!  
As to the past, it is all so clear.  
By day the sun, as usual with him, glares;  
By night the stars come out, still paying  
The usual homage; while our senses claim  
The usual admiration of the same.

But men, and all their works, and women too,  
Change most amazingly, and I have seen  
Much that I thought it wisdom to pursue  
Before a few brief years had rolled between  
Me and my hope, change to that spectral hue  
Which tinges day-dreams—but I do not mean  
To lose my hope yet, but to see it may  
For I myself shall change and pass away.

And it may be, that in a happier sphere,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
That which we vainly hoped and strove for here,  
Will recompense us for our patient toil.  
And many a heartache, many a bitter tear,  
And so on, and so on, and I do not mean  
To lose my hope yet, but to see it may  
For I myself shall change and pass away.

There's change in time, in fashions, manners, speech;  
There's change in parties, governments and creed;  
There's change in what we learn and what we teach;  
There's change in what we write and what we read;  
There's change in everything, and not to see it,  
In everything except a poor man's pocket.

Of change or change, oh let me complain,  
I have seen many forms of joy and pain;  
I have seen bright hopes crushed and fond affections die;  
I have seen many a heart that once was true,  
Now turned to lead, and many a fortune fly;  
I have seen many a heart that once was true,  
Now turned to lead, and many a fortune fly.

I like experience, though, however it tells,  
For, against me, all is one at last;  
These hearts of ours are much like sandless wells,  
Wherein the shimmering pearls are cast;  
And every happy life is but a dream,  
The sweet and bitter lessons of the past;  
For only thus can he himself to know,  
What all his knowledge is, and how it shows.

I like experience, therefore, I have had,  
My share of love and sorrow, but I think,  
Let it be good, indifferent, or bad,  
That I have lived, and that I have drunk  
Of the cup of life, and that I have drunk  
Of the cup of life, and that I have drunk  
Of the cup of life, and that I have drunk

I love to laugh—like a child, I love to weep;  
An fond of pleasure—nor averse to pain;  
I have found wisdom sometimes in a tear;  
I have been gay, and sad, and gay again;  
I love my sorrows, though they've cost me dear;  
I love my dinner, but I did not complain  
When I had none, which sometimes was the case;  
For even that may be a means of grace!

I love my country, though, as Brutus says,  
I do not like her faults; I love to hear  
Of those old, rusty axes and dangerous days,  
When I was young, and when I was a peer;  
I love to hear my fingers, once a year,  
In independent joy, and in the praise  
Of patriotic citizens, in beer;  
And, though a quiet man, I love to stand  
In annual tribute to my native land.

I have these "guttering generalities,"  
Which we have read, and sometimes read aloud;  
And, more significant than language is,  
I love the wisdom of the old;  
I love the memory who gave us this  
Perennial freedom, and, although devout,  
I can't tell which may be the greater bliss,  
The "Constitution" or the "Holy Cross."

I love my friends—they're mostly boys—and they  
Are always faithful; and I love to laugh;  
What Mr. Black and Mrs. Grundy say  
Affects me not. I love to sit and puff  
A health to those who love me; and I pray  
That honest men may not be caught with chaff.  
So in this philosophy I live;  
Tut what I can, and give what I can give.

—Baton Transcript.

## AMERICAN WATCHES.

Mr. N. P. Willis, in a letter to the *New Journal* thus describes a visit to the factory of the American Watch Company at Waltham:

"Novelties in mechanism having always been most interesting to me—seeing, as it were, supernatural and sudden apparitions of things hitherto deemed impossible—I accepted very gladly an invitation to go where I might see watches made by machinery. How a watch should be made at all, is a mystery enough; but, that this ultimatum of human ingenuity in hand-labor should be reduced to mechanism, so that a hundred watches can be made with the thought and labor hitherto expended upon one, was a marvel worth making sure of having seen on this planet—being very likely to be 'a dropped stick' (like an antediluvian lost ark), in a world to come. If asked, therefore, at some scientific party in the Evening Star (our next place), the people tell us, whether I have ever been to Waltham, I am happy to have it to say that I visited the Watch Factory there, in one of the last years of my previous existence. I may add, for a side note (a fact about which there is likely to be a sidereal curiosity I think), that Governor Banks comes from the same place.

From Boston to Waltham, by railroad, is but the taking of a seat for a few minutes; and our guide, Mr. Robbins (one of the company of proprietors, to whose courageous faith and persevering make-work-attiveness much of the success of the enterprise is attributed), soon opened the door for us at the shop of the 'Time-smiths. Three of our party were brother artificers, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Tilton, and myself, being manufacturers of public opinion; and the fourth was a lady not altogether of an unsympathetic profession, Miss Booth, the lady historian of the 'City of New York.' To the worth-while-attiveness of so intelligent a group of companions I owed the obliging particularity with which the riddles of mechanism were unraveled to us.

It is a curious necessity of a watch-factory that it should form a part of a beautiful landscape—a secluded place, a moist soil on the bank of a river being requisite to its operations. The original site of the factory, at Roxbury, was abandoned, because the light and dusty character of the soil, and the degree to which the atmosphere was charged with dust by the wheels and the industrial movements of the neighborhood, materially interfered with the nicety of the work. Hence was chosen the present beautiful hill-side on a bend of the Charles river, where the hundred or two of male and female operatives, as they sit at their benches, regulating the different movements of the machinery, can look out of the windows before them upon bits of river scenery that would enchant an artist.

It is another poetic peculiarity of watchmaking (at Waltham, at least), that the more delicate finger of woman is found to work best at it. Of the large number of persons employed in the factory, more than half, if I observed rightly, were of the staid household help by the sewing-machine—a happy compensation of Providence! Gradually, in this way, probably, the indoor employment of all trades and vocations that do not require masculine strength will be given over to woman.

The Watch Factory is a brick, two stories in height, and enclosing a quadrangular court; and, along the closely-placed front and outer windows, stand the work-benches at which are seated the successions of operatives—each of one hundred and twenty parts of the watch requiring separate manufacture and adjustment. What impressed me particularly as I walked through these long galleries of seated and patient artificers, was the exceeding delicacy and minuteness of it all—the inevitable machinery accomplishing, with such powerful exactness, the almost invisible wonders of transformation and construction, and human aid seeming only needed to supply the material and measure the work, with movements of hand scarcely perceptible. The successions of minute instruments were like long ranges of little figures, each wearing its cobweb miracle, under a careful sentinel's superintending eye. It is the novelty of the Waltham Factory that this is so—machinery doing the hundred little dexterities which have hitherto been done only by the variable hand of the workman. With the machinery once regulated, therefore, any number of watches of the same size and pattern are made with invariable exact-

ness—all equally sure to keep time; whereas formerly, each watch was only a probability by itself.

The minuteness of very essential parts of the watch astonishes the visitor. A small heap of grains was shown to us, looking like iron filings, or grains of pepper from a pepper-cutter—apparently the same dust, when the machine which turned them out; and these, when examined with a microscope, were found to be perfect screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw-driver. It is one of the Waltham statistics, which I was remembering, that a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is thus manufactured into one hundred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred dollars.

The poetic part of a watch, of course, is what the truth in a woman's heart has been so often compared to—the jewel upon which all its movements are pivoted, and which knows no wearing away nor variation; and to see these precious truth-jewels and their adjustment was one of my main points of curiosity. The aid of the Microscope was again to be called in, to see these—the precious stones, as we first saw them in the glass phial, resembling grains of brilliant sand. They are rubies, sapphires, or chrysolites, inferior only to the diamond in hardness, and to be drilled by the diamond's point into pivoted relations. The process is thus described in the article to which I am indebted for my statistics:

The jewels are first drilled with a diamond, and then opened out with diamond dust, on a soft hair-like iron ferrule. In like manner, the pivots of steel that are to run in these jewels, without wearing out in the least, must be exquisitely polished. By this operation, their size is slightly reduced. The jewels and pivots, after being thus finished, are classified by means of a gauge, so delicately graduated as to detect a difference of the ten thousandths of an inch. The jewels are classified by means of the plate, the jewels and pivots of the same number fitting each other exactly. The sizes of the several pivots and jewels in each watch are carefully recorded, under its number, so that if any one or either should fall in any part of the world, by sending the number of the watch to Waltham, the part desired may be readily and cheaply replaced with unerring certainty.

On this and all other operations, too minute for detailed description—the first cutting of the stamps and dies from sheets of brass, hardening and forming the barrels and chambers, colling and fastening the main springs, gearing wheels and cutting their teeth, shaping of pinions and axles, cutting of escape-wheels, burning and marking the porcelain dials, and final putting together and adjusting of the various parts, the superintendent, Mr. Dennison, disclaimed to us most interestingly. I could not but think, as I listened to this philosopher of mechanic art, telling us these beautiful secrets with his quiet concentration of voice and eye, and his brief expressive language, how much better it was than the 'speaking of a play,' or the reading of a novel. My two hours of following him and listening to his 'discourse with illustrations,' were like the passing of a dream.

## NIGHT AND MORNING.

So they've sent you a card, my Adonis,  
For the Continent, you have read;  
You fancy no fate like your own is  
No future so charmingly bright.  
It reads half-a-crown for a Hansom  
To go to that lovely ball,  
Though shortly a Duchess's ransom  
You'd give to have not gone at all.

For you dance with some lovely young creature  
With a winning soft grace and smile;  
Her soft tresses tickle your whiskers  
As if Paradise opened the while.  
You clasp her slight waist in the 'Dewdrop,'  
Though you feel that your torch is profane,  
And think that fairer yet you'd drop  
You would die for the cornet's wild strain.

The cornet blows louder and braver;  
She grows more confiding and weak;  
Her soft tresses tickle you on your shoulder  
She replies that Mamma must not hear!  
Replies, 'I delight in these caresses;  
One can talk through the dances are full!  
You do go next week to the Duchess's  
And you'll see I shall find it quite dull!

But now for the next dance they're starting,  
She shrinks to the chaperon's wings;  
You press the small hand in the parting,  
And her eyes say 'memento mori' things.  
You cherish for many days after  
The look that so lovingly beams;  
A sorrow that stifles your laughter;  
And you think that is love's dream.

You fancy, so lightly she dances,  
Her dainty little foot on your stair;  
You people with those many glances  
A sweet little home in May Fair!  
You saw that all eyes were upon her,  
As she moved down that glittering room,  
And you fancy, when once you have won her,  
How pretty she'll look in your brougham.

Oh! visions that madden you cherish!  
Oh! smile that was cruelly false;  
Oh! hopes that were born but to perish!  
Oh! dream that has fled with the breeze!  
When next you meet, doffing your veils,  
You look for her low in the vain;  
The dear little ball-room deceiver  
Doesn't offer to know you again.

Can it be you have flirted together?  
Now sit on her back casters by;  
And you're not worth one word of her feather;  
You're not worth one glance of her eye.  
Then, like ships without sailors to man 'em,  
Your visions swim drifting away;  
And you count your few hundred per annum,  
And their fractions at each Quarter-day.

And this, when you sum the case up, is  
The result (though your feelings it hurts),  
All men are second-hand puppets!  
All women are frivolous birds!

## ENGLISH BOOKS.

(From the London Publishers' Circular, Oct. 15, 1859.)  
Messrs. Longman & Co.'s Quarterly List of forthcoming books is a very extensive one, promising a publishing season if it stood alone. It comprises, in addition to the illustrated and other works that we have already announced, a History of Constitutional and Legislative Progress in England, since the accession of George III., by Thomas Erskine May; a Translation of Plutarch's Life of Scipio, by Lady Wallace; a new edition of Italy in the Nineteenth Century, by the Right Hon. J. Whitledge; Travels in Peru and Mexico, by S. S. Hill; the Seventh Volume of the new edition of Bacon's Works; new and improved edition of M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary; of Ure's Dictionary of Chemistry, edited by Watts; and of Ure's Dictionary of Arts, edited by Robert Hunt; The Chemistry of the Sea Shore, by the author of Chemistry of Creation; Anecdotes in Natural History, by the Rev. F. O. Morris; A Natural History of British Moths, by the same author; The Sea and its Living Wonders, by Dr. George Hartwig; Contributions to Mental Philosophy, by Fichte, translated and edited by J. D. Moore; The Friends, and why they were built, by John Taylor; Volume 5 of Bunson's Place in Universal History; etc., etc.

Mr. Murray announces as having in the press, Captain McClintock's Narrative of the Discovery of Sir John Franklin and his companions, in 1850, with map and notes; A History of the Two Years' War in the Crimea, by the author of *Keble's*, based chiefly on the private papers and correspondence of the late Lord Raglan, and other authentic materials, in 2 vols.; Reminiscences of the late Thomas Ashton Smith, Esq., or the Life and Personality of an English Country Gentleman, by Sir J. E. Wilnot, Bart., with portrait and other illustrations; Pictures of the Chinese, drawn by themselves, and explained by a resident of many years in China, the Rev. E. H. Cobbold, late Archdeacon of Ningpo, with 34 wood engravings; The Correspondence of the late Duke of Wellington, whilst Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Memoirs of General European Congresses, by the Earl of Westmoreland, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Bentley announces a new tale by Miss Warner, Author of *Wide World*, and *Hills of the Shetlands*, entitled *Sea and Land*; Anecdote Biography, by John Tinsley; Autobiography of a Woman, by Thomas, Earl of Dundonald; and an early publication of the

following long-announced and important works—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, from the Mission of Augustine to the Death of Howley*, by Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester; *The Diaries and Correspondence of the Hon. George Rose, with original letters of Mr. Pitt, Lord Castlereagh, Messrs. Wellesley, Mr. Wilberforce, Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, Lord St. John, Lord Bathurst, with a correspondence with Lady Hamilton respecting Nelson and his daughter*, edited by the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt; *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Bishop of Worcester*, by the Rev. F. Kilvert; *Lives of the Princes of Wales*, by Dr. Doran; *The Third Volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs of My Own Time*; the Third and concluding Volume of *The Life of Charles James Fox*, by Lord John Russell; *The Court of England under the Reign of George III.*, by H. Menzies Hunt.

Messrs. Hurd & Blackett have in the press—*New Works of Fiction*, by the Hon. Mr. Norton, Miss Kavanagh, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. R. C. Hall, and the author of *Margaret Maitland*. An Illustrated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, by Gilbert, uniform with their edition of *Thomson's Seasons*; *The Ancient Church, its History, Doctrine, and Constitution*, by the Rev. W. D. Killen, D.D.; *The Romance of Natural History*, with many illustrations, by F. H. Gosse; *The Hart and the Waterbooby*, by the Rev. John R. Macduff; and *Remarkable Answers to Prayer*, by John Richardson Phillips, City Missionary.

Messrs. Macmillan release some of their successful tales at a lower price:—*Kingley's Westward Ho!* is ready, and to be followed by *Two Years Ago*, in crown 8vo, and *Tom Brown's School Days*, in fcp. 8vo. Of new works, they announce—*The Life of David, King of Israel*, a History for the Young; *Little Estella*, and other Tales for the Young. The Life of David, King of Israel, a History for the Young; *Little Estella*, and other Tales for the Young. The Life of David, King of Israel, a History for the Young; *Little Estella*, and other Tales for the Young.

Mr. Tegg announces a new edition of *Tom Brown's School Days*, by Mr. James Nichols, for November; *Locke's Essay*, a new edition, crown 8vo, with Questions for Examination, in December; *Rotary Ray*, by Mr. John Lang, a series of papers from *Household Words*, Nov. 1st; *Hannan's Pilot Assistant*, 8vo, a new edition shortly; *Hone's Every-Day Book*, 4 vols. 8vo, a new edition, corrected, in November; *Spectator*, 8vo, an entire new edition, with the steel portraits partly reengraved, in November.

Amongst the illustrated works of the season, an edition of Mr. Tennyson's poem, *The Princess*, will be likely to prove a favorite; Mr. Maclean has been the principal artist engaged upon the work; it will be published in the course of November by Messrs. Moxon & Co.

## VENUS AND THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

To the Editor of the Herald:

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, Nov. 1, 1859.  
To-day's Herald says:—"We see that Page's Venus has been transferred to the gallery of the National Academy of Design, Tenth street, with the view, we presume, of giving its beauties the advantage of a better light;" and goes on to say—"It was pretended by connoisseurs in these matters that it was badly placed and badly lighted in the Dusseldorf Gallery."

The real reason for its withdrawal was, that during its stay (owing, perhaps, to your criticism thereon) a class of visitors attended the gallery who evidently came not to view a work of art, but a picture of that character which would lead to their base passions; though they were doomed to disappointment, as they pretty plainly expressed by their manner on leaving, grumbling on some such sentence as—"Why, then, is nothing in this picture; it's a take in."

Ac, Ac, this, coupled with the fact the daily journals announced that at a drinking saloon in Broadway "The Venus on a half shell, with other unphilosophical pictures," Ac, Ac, were on free exhibition; and out of respect to the feelings of the artist (who, though a stranger to me, is, I believe, a gentleman of refined and most sensitive nature—one who would not wish the agent employed by him for his exhibition to thus gain money at the sacrifice of name, pride and self-love), we determined to close the exhibition. As to the amount received at the doors, perhaps a faulty calligraphy has caused the three to be taken for a five—the correct figures being \$3,010.32. You will be pleased to understand we could have retained the picture for another month, but had the privilege to close our agreement at the end of four weeks, which we did for the reasons stated above, and though, perchance, at a pecuniary loss to ourselves. It has been replaced by Mr. William L. Sonntag's "Dream of Italy," a work we trust, which will command the attention of your pen.

THE DIRECTOR  
of the Dusseldorf Gallery.

The Saturday Press Book-List.  
FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

## NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.  
HISTORICAL.  
American Historical and Literary Curiosities. Second Series, containing De Bry's Engraving of Columbus never before copied. Documents of Interest relating to the various colonies, and many Original Manuscripts of the Revolution, with a variety of Belles-Articuli, and Autographs. Edited and arranged, with the assistance of several autograph collectors, by John Jay Smith, lately Librarian of the Philadelphia and Logans Library, Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. Imperial 4to. 88. New York: C. B. Knickerbocker.

TRAVELS, ETC.  
At Home and Abroad: A Sketch-Book of Life, Society, and Men. By Bayard Taylor. 12mo, pp. 600. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters. By "Fiskit," who was raised there. Illustrated by John McLennan. 12mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LEGAL.  
The Code of Procedure of the State of Wisconsin, as passed by the Legislature in 1856, and amended in 1857, '58, '59, with an Appendix, containing the Rules of the Supreme Court, the Circuit Court, the County Court, and the various Courts in the various Counties, and of the U. S. District Court; also, a new and complete Index. Compiled by Walter S. Carter, Counsel-at-Law. 8vo, pp. 228. Milwaukee: Strickland & Co.

MEDICAL.  
Teachings of Physiology and Pathology in Relation to Homoeopathy. By J. T. Alley, M.D. Pamphlet. 8 cents. New York: John T. Smith & Sons.

ART.  
Women Artists in All Ages and Countries. By Mrs. Eliot, author of "The Women of the American Revolution." 12mo, pp. 360. New York: Harper & Brothers.

NOVELS.  
The Old Stone Manse. By Charles J. Peterson, author of "Crucible in the Last War." "Kate Bylesford," "Valley Farm," "Grace Dudley, or Arnold at Barnstable." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Son.

Love and Gain; or, Margaret's Home. By Alice B. Haven. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, 75cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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